

SOUTH BEND NEWS-TIMES

Morning—Evening—Sunday.

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The Paper That Does Things

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JULY 27, 1916.

OUR TWO FOR ONE SYSTEM.

Simon Lake, submarine inventor, says that he long ago tried to interest American shipbuilders in freight-carrying submarines, but found that the American capitalist wanted \$2 for \$1 and insurance.

Simon, that's not all the American capitalist wants, by a long shot. He wants \$2 for \$1, insurance, law to enable him to make slaves of sailors, and a government subsidy. American ship capital is the greediest on the whole list. Because of its superlative greed it is just now building ships by the hundreds, there being \$100 for \$1 in sight.

Ordinarily, Simon, you'll not get American ship capital into any enterprise that isn't a cinch with gold buckles. It's foreign capital that takes risks like those in the case of the Deutschland. Maybe America has too many ways of getting \$2 for \$1, to be enterprising.

"STRAIGHT AMERICA!" OR WHAT?

For a campaign document presented in the disguise of economic or sociological literature, commend us to Frances A. Kellor, chairman-ess of the woman's committee of the National Hughes alliance; we mean, however, Miss Frances A. Kellor's book, "Straight America," which the committee sends us apparently anticipating that we will use it to help popularize the chairmanship, and prepare the public mind, in a non-partisan way, for the reception of her future more partisan messages. We congratulate Miss Kellor on her ability as an interpolator of partisan jokers, but pardon us, we do not mean to bite.

In fact, Miss Kellor's book is so manifestly an unpretentious campaign document, that we do not agree with her on much of anything, and are really sorry that she should allow her talents to be prostituted in such manner. They tell us she is authority on American economics and sociology, and perhaps she is an authority with them, but not us. Of course, she says some very true things, for instance, speaking of our need of better organization, more efficiency, more unity, both in our national life, and in all lines of American endeavor.

"We shall never attain this united America back of our firing line, in our shops, in our schools, in our great arteries of communication and supply, by the most intelligent policy, by the wisest of laws, by the fairest enforcement of law, unless each and every American resident does his share—and realizes that a prepared America at every point comes back to him and him alone."

Which is just about as authoritative and original as though it had been advanced by Policewoman Minnie Evans, or by Matron Anderson over at the county jail, yet, quite true. It is when her international vision, perhaps of Teutonic mould—accounting maybe, for her being at the head of the woman's committee of the National Hughes league—comes cropping out, that her hand is more plainly seen. In her economic-sociological voice, the need of letting the "intelligent" people rule, and the rest of us dunderheads being satisfied to serve, she puts it up to us this way:

"What really hurts us most, is the realization that we who think of America as the most prosperous, energetic, efficient, inventive and best organized nation in the world have suddenly discovered that we are nationally the most unprepared for united service in any field—geographical, military, industrial, economic, social or educational. In vision, independent thinking and citizenship we are not yet more prepared. In fact, we have hardly yet begun to think of these in terms of national service."

In which case, of course, we should let that "aristocracy of the intellect and character," as G. O. P. State Chairman Mays, denominates his party, be licensed to rule over us. Miss Kellor very generously comes to us with the assurance, rendered all the more effective by veiled insinuation, that Justice Hughes, mayhap, his "undiluted Americanism," is the only thing that can save us. Evidently, what we need is to be lashed into subservience, rather than showered with equal opportunities. We must give more attention to the immigrant, yes, but chiefly, the type of attention she prescribes would make of him more of a puppet, subservient to the will of the masters, than a free and equal American. Americanism of the truly "undiluted" sort, calls for free absorption, and the use of the brain in dissection, rather than a one-sided cramming process that is neither American nor foreign, but for lack of a better term, but plutocratically partisan.

She therefore puts little stress on "America first" and "safety first," which she calls "sectional and selfish banners under which no man can fight his best," and puts a great deal of stress on "liberty, justice, honor and right first," and on the moral duty of every citizen to labor unselfishly for the service of his country, meaning by "his country," from all appearances, the republican party. We deal with it thus at length, because that it is merely a republican campaign document in disguise, there is no question. It is also merely another

proof that women are quite as capable of skulduggery—clever women are,—in politics, or elsewhere, as are the men. Miss Kellor, both from her face and her writing, would better grace the masculine than she does the feminine. She is masculine in physique, evidently masculine in her intellect, and now quite so in her political methods. As an attache of the republican campaign publicity bureau she has sent forth a very clever device.

DELUSIONS AND DELUSIONS.

At last we have it. The problem is solved, and, mind you, we are at least in part speaking seriously. The mind is a thing of peculiar mould. "What stands in the way of peace," writes an American correspondent from Germany, "is delusion." And he particularizes about as follows:

The strongest delusion prevails in France, where the people now believe firmly that they are going to win. The French started with the idea that they were "dead men" already, with everything lost. That being the case, any remnant of property and life that they might emerge with was just so much to the good. Thus they were willing to fight to utter exhaustion—to fight forever. That heroic despair has made them invincible. And now their successful resistance has finally given them hope of real victory, with the maintenance of their position as a great power, and they fight on more tenaciously than ever.

England's delusion is that Germany can be exhausted. That "myth" is believed by everyone in England, from the highest to the lowest. It is backed by the mental attitude of the British soldier, who doesn't like to fight, but who fights bravely in the delusion that it is always the other fellow that's going to be killed.

Germany is credited with a whole group of delusions—that France is exhausted, that Russia is impotent and liable to collapse, that Italy will break down, that Great Britain is discouraged and unable to deliver any telling blows.

Russia's delusion is not mentioned. Presumably it is that she can crush Germany and the Turks both. The other belligerents, too, have their own absurd ideas about the war. And the upshot is that nobody will give up, and so the conflict may drag on to the utter exhaustion of all of them, and end in a draw.

Most Americans, who see a preponderance of right on one side of the conflict and mischievous ideals and grievous wrong on the other, find it hard to accept this view. They hope for a definite success, with one set of "delusions" turned into realities. But even if the correspondent is right, and these fixed delusions are driving all the belligerents to their doom, it doesn't necessarily follow that all are destined to lose.

Perhaps, broadly speaking, all will win. For such a consummation might mean the crushing out of the one great delusion that has been at the bottom of the whole tragic business—the war delusion—the delusion that any nation can achieve its ends better by violence than by peaceful development. And that might be worth all the cost to all Europe.

SANITY IN CHICAGO.

A weak-minded negro in Chicago, looted by the heat, ran amuck with a gun, and appreciably reduced the population of his neighborhood. Now Chicago, with her usual readiness and originality, is undertaking to avoid such outbreaks hereafter by rounding up her subnormal citizens. The Rockefeller institute is to get on the job, making a preliminary survey of Windy City mentality.

It is unkind to remark, as the New York World does, that "if this kind of census is to be taken anywhere, there is no better place to begin than in Chicago." There is no trustworthy evidence that Chicago is any crazier than other cities—she is merely more honest about it. But it's a perilous business to start in making everybody submit to the weird tests of normality invented by the present generation of alienists. One Chicago specialist admits that if the psychopathic standard of his profession are rigorously applied, about 50 per cent of the population, "including some of our most noted physicians, surgeons, bankers, brokers and editors," will have to flee for safety. And it's credible enough. Only a few months ago the mayor of Chicago, together with several other public officials, none of whom were suspected of "subnormality," were reported as having failed to pass the "Binet tests."

It would be a pity if Chicago were to lose half her population, either through flight or through imprisonment in psychopathic detention camps, merely because one colored man went crazy with the heat.

THE HERB GARDEN.

Why spend so much money on the flavoring extracts and spices of commerce that are bad for the human being's digestion as well as his purse? A few years ago such condiments were luxuries that few could afford. Their present place was occupied by the flavoring herbs of the kitchen garden.

In the days before American cooking was all messed up with foreign flavors and combinations, every kitchen garden had its herb corner where grew mint, sage, dill, balm, summer savory, marjoram, fennel, all the herbs which the housewife knew so well how to use. Inexpensive cuts of meat, without the fine flavor but quite as nourishing as the expensive cuts, were made into most delicious soups or stews through the aid of those garden herbs. And this home-grown flavoring was more wholesome than the hot things we buy to disguise our food with nowadays.

There were many herbs that the housewife used as medicines. They may have lacked something in scientific construction and application, but they were mighty useful and a great deal more wholesome than much of the medicine we buy at the corner drug store now—certainly better than the dangerous patent medicines that have done so much harm.

It wouldn't be a bad idea to revive the herb garden and learn over again what the housewives of an earlier generation knew—how to add pleasing and wholesome variety to simple, nourishing dishes without the use of strong condiments and with much less expense.

For the business man, the federal reserve act; for the farmer, the rural credits system; for the manufacturer and merchant, the federal trade commission; for the Wall street speculator, nothing. That is the record of the first four years of Wilson's endeavors for better business.

Oh! just to be in, for a minute, on the sale of a railroad! Trustees, lawyers, receivers and such haul down \$420,000 in the sale of the Western Pacific.

There was no connection between the offers to enlist by Col. Roosevelt and those 1,500 Sioux Indians of South Dakota.

Salvador and Brazilian politicians are roasting Uncle Sam for his attitude toward Carranza. "Perfectly natural. It's in the blood; Spanish blood."

Indiana Member of House Originator of Farm Credits Bill

INDIANAPOLIS, July 26.—Indiana is again conspicuous through her congressional representation in the bringing about of most progressive legislation.

Congressman Ralph W. Moss, of the fifth Indiana district, was especially invited as the guest of Pres't Wilson, upon the occasion of the signing of the rural credits bill. This should be classed next to the federal reserve act, which is now recognized by all banks and bankers in the country as the greatest piece of constructive legislation that has been placed in many years.

In the passing of both of these laws the Indiana delegation at Washington has played a conspicuous part. The rural credits bill was really the work of Congressman Moss, while all his colleagues, of course, stood by him in bringing about its enactment. Representative Moss was also consulted by the president with reference to the making up of the rural credits board, which is one of the most important that Pres't Wilson will have to appoint.

L. B. Cline Mentioned. Mr. Cline has assisted from the start that Leonard B. Cline is one of the strongest applicants for any of these positions to be put forward from any part of the country. In this he has the endorsement of all the congressmen and also of Sens. Taggart and Kern, all of them recognizing and urging the peculiar fitness of Cline for the work.

At the time of signing the bill Pres't Wilson made a brief speech in which he pointed out the benefit, not only to the farmer but also to the investment community, which are established in the provisions for a new bill.

"On occasions of this sort," said the president, "there are so many things to say that one would despair of saying them briefly and adequately, but I can not go through the simple ceremony of signing this bill without expressing the feeling that I have in signing it. It is a feeling of profound satisfaction not only, but of real gratitude that we have completed this piece of legislation, which I hope will be immensely beneficial to the farmers of the country."

"The farmers, it seems to me, have occupied hitherto a singular position of disadvantage. They have not had the same freedom to get credit on their real estate that others have had who were in manufacturing and commercial enterprises, and while they have sustained our life they did not in the same degree with some others share in the benefits of that life."

Credit is Available. "Therefore, the bill along with the very liberal provisions of the federal reserve act, puts them upon an equality with all others who have genuine assets and makes the great credit of the country available to them. One can not but feel that this is delayed justice to them, and can not but feel that it is a very gratifying thing to play any part in doing this act of justice."

"I look forward to the benefits of this bill not with extravagant expectations, but with confident expectation that it will be of very wide reaching benefits, and, incidentally, it will be of advantage to the investment community, for I can imagine no more satisfactory and solid investments than this system will afford those who have money to use."

"I sign this bill, therefore, with real emotion and am very glad to be honored by your presence, and supported by your feelings. I have no doubt in what I have said regarding it."

WITH OTHER EDITORS THAN OURS

VETERAN DESCRIBES BRAVEST MAN HE EVER SAW.

(Council Bluffs, Ia., Nonpareil.) The quality of courage is largely an inherited trait. Some people are as naturally timorous as others are naturally brave. These varying qualities exist among animals as they do among men. A bulldog of fighting strain often will whip a mastiff double his weight because he had that tenacious courage peculiar to his type of the species.

But there is wider diversity in qualities of courage among men than among animals. With men much depends upon the angle from which they see things. A veteran who served through the campaigns around Vicksburg with Grant said the bravest man he ever saw was a poor fellow who occupied a position one day where the bullets were flying thick and fast. His knees knocked together and his teeth actually chattered because of his excessive fright. But he was sustained by a most magnificent sense of duty. He was loyal to his country and the flag. Overwhelmed with physical fear, his reason sustained him. He would not seek safety when such seeking meant disobedience of orders or desertion of comrades. That was a case where moral courage triumphed over physical fear.

MEN WHO FAIL.

(Philadelphia Ledger.) Why does a man fail? One smashes up or a dozen cannot put out of the running the undefeated soul. The world applauds the "up-bys-and-at-em" spirit that is flattened out and then puffs itself (but not with conceit) for a fresh start. Temporary failure is often the stepping stone, the starting point for victory. But there are men who, when knocked down, stay down. What is the matter with them?

The solitude for a fizzle is not one that concerns busy people as a rule. But in these days, when we are conserving every kind of waste material and coining drops into gold, it is time to take account of the

THE MELTING POT

FILLED BY THE EDITORIAL STAFF

THE HUMAN ASSORTMENT.

Some people tread the way of life in dignity and state. They never manifest the slightest flimsy of gait. Their conversation never reeks with breath unwisely sped. They never say the silly things which they should not have said. In fatuous pursuance of adventure, wealth or fun. They never do a lot of things which they should not have done.

Some other people function with the minimum restraint. They decorate the somber night with red and foolish paint. They let their educational resources run to waste. Quite unconserved by tact or poise, by common sense or taste. And in pursuit of happiness they very often do some things that strict and formal folks could properly eschew.

Between humanity's extremes, forbid that I be judge. I cannot feel for either side the slightest grudge or grudge. Creation seems to revel in immense variety. And uniformity would be an impropriety. Some folks are long and others short, some thin and others thick. But God has made them as they are, and so I cannot kick.

A. B. B.

We had almost lost faith in that old story of the worm turning until the Benders went ahead and took a game from Grand Rapids.

"They'll rule the game," said the old fan when informed that paper pop bottles were to be in order in one of the American association parks.

"I didn't want to go," said the old soldier, "but when I got there I sure could fight. Yes, Jim was some fighter, but he couldn't do nothing with me."

About the most useless thing we can think of this hot weather is a bathing cap for a bald-headed man.

We have a most wonderful child down in our neighborhood. The first word he could say was "ford."

When Americans get to running around in wooden shoes it will be perfectly proper to refer to them as being "in Dutch."

Of all the things, The saddest that ever We were asked to write, 'Tis this, "Not a chance For break in hot wave Is now in sight."

A rigid probe is one that goes deep if we are supposing right.

That British ship that moved up alongside the German sub at Baltimore can surely be referred to the stopper.

THE LIFE OF JAKE HECKAMAN. Volume 2, Chapter 7.

Mister Jake F. T. A. Heckaman, the prominent and influential subject of this hear serious of wheezes, has returned to so, Bend after a (two) weeks holidays & is again standing back of the farthest chair vest in Abe Frank's raiser & clipper

Wastage in brains and souls and moral stamina eschewed or but half utilized. Most men are using but a part of themselves, like a motor-car running on two of its six cylinders. As William James pointed out, they could do a great deal more than they attempt. But they are content with a latent capacity rather than a patent achievement. They describe to themselves—sometimes to us—what they could do if they would.

The plain man doing the work wants no more of the fancy, faineant gentleman than that they shall get out of his beset track and not bother him. He has his own straight furrow, and he cannot turn the clean billows of earth away from the plow's keen, cleaving edge without striking many a flinty rock and stubborn root. These elegant folk, too proud to soil their hands, are a detriment to him. He heartily desires to see the last of them. Let the youth write in his bright lexicon, at the top of the first page, that the prime reason why men slay just, somewhere, is that the leaders' lowest rung is that at one time or another in their lives they supposed that some particular species of work was beneath their precious dignity.

A DAY'S DOING IN EDUCATION.

(New York World.)

A stranger at the first session of the National education association might reasonably have supposed that the convention had met to discuss questions of national defense. But preparedness and pacifism are no doubt matters of higher education, and with Mayor Mitchell indoors in school military training, Dr. Taft proposing his panacea of a World Peace league, Dr. Jordan advocating the conquest of Mexico by teachers instead of by troops and Pres't Wilson defining America's mission as "not to make war but to prevent war," the issue was sufficiently well threshed out to leave the delegates divided in their convictions.

Among the subsidiary topics discussed were those of "the home as a social institution," "art in home environment," the home project in secondary school agriculture and "the rural home and the farm woman." Pres't Johnson, in discussing the last theme, urging, the appointment of a national commission to uplift the farmer's wife.

The teachers seem to have begun their sessions at top speed. The range and variety of the subjects treated the first day give an idea of the far ramifications of organized educational activities and a hint of the mass of wisdom to result from the week's deliberations. From questions of military policy to a consideration of farm educational needs comprehends pretty nearly the entire scope of education.

Probably on the whole the most valuable contribution the convention can make to New York's present problems of education is its intelligent discussion of the subject of

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